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I good by a wide diffusion of knowledge, and a liberal on of sound and healthy principle. If they effect this, end is gained. The work, on which no expense will be d, will be sold at a price so low as to leave but a bare neration for workmanship and material—so low, indeed, a very large demand only can protect the publishers n positive loss. But it is not the dread of even the result at can deter them from commencing and carrying on a work ndertaken from the purest and most disinterested motives.

THE CRITICAL HUMBUG.

A more delightful work than this, a work more rich and racy, more brilliant in style or more graphic in delineation, it has rarely been our good fortune to meet with. Every page bears the stamp of a master-mind, every sentence the impress of genius.

What a flow of ideas! What an outpouring of eloquence! What a knowledge of the human heart with all its nicer intricacies! What an intimacy with the springs of human action! What a mastery over the human passions! Ay, this is indeed the triumph of genius.

The author of this exquisite production writes with the pen of a Junius, and thinks with the intellect of a Bacon or a Locke. His language is forcible and epigrammatic, his reasoning clear and profound; yet can nothing be more racy than his pleasantry when he condescends to be playful—nothing more delicately cutting than his irony when he chooses to be satirical—nothing more striking or impressive than his ratiocination when he prefers being philosophical.

We confidently predict a wide and lasting popularity for this extraordinary production. Indeed, if we are not greatly mistaken, it will create quite a sensation in the literary circles of Europe.

PATRIOTIC HUMBUG.

My country, oh! my country! it is for thee, for thee alone, I live; and for thee, my country, will I at any time cheerfully die—(Who's that calling out fudge?) Nearest my heart is the wish for thy welfare. To see thee happy is the one only desire of my soul, and that thou mayest be so, is my constant prayer.

Night and day dost thou engross my thoughts, and all, all would I sacrifice to thy welfare! My private interests are as dust in the balance—(Who's that again calling fudge?—turn him out, turn him out)—My private interests are as dust in the balance; and shame, shame, oh! eternal shame to the sordid wretch, unworthy to live, who should for a moment prefer his individual aggrandisement to his country's good. Perish his name—perish the name of the miserable miscreant!

Wealth! what is wealth to me, my country, compared to thy happiness? Station! what is station, unless thou, too, art advanced? Power! what is power, unless the power of doing thee good? Oh, my country! My country, oh!—(Oh! oh! oh! from various parts of the house.) The patriot sits down, wiping his patriotic forehead with a white handkerchief, amidst thunders of applause.

Before going farther with our Illustrations—indeed we don't know whether we shall go any farther with them at all or not, as we rather think we have given quite enough of them—before going farther, then, with any thing in the more direct course of our subject, we may pause a moment to remark how carefully every one who comes before the public to claim its patronage, conceals the real object of his doing so. How remote he keeps from this very delicate point! He never whispers its name—never breathes it. How cautiously he avoids all allusion to his own particular interest in the matter! From the unction with which he speaks of the excellences of the thing he has to dispose of, be it what it may, a Dutch cheese or a treatise on philosophy, the enthusiasm with which he dwells on them, you would imagine that he spoke out of a pure feeling of admiration of these excellences. You would never dream—for this he carefully conceals from you—that his sole object is to get hold of as much of your cash as he can; the Dutch cheese or the treatise on philosophy being a mere instrument to accomplish the desired transfer.

It is rather a curious feature this in the social character: every thing offered for sale is so offered through a pure spirit of benevolence, either for the public good or individual benefit; nothing for the sake of mere filthy lucre, or the particular interest of the seller—not at all. He, good soul, has no such motive—not he, indeed.

We said a little while since that we doubted whether we would give any farther illustrations of the great science of

humbug. We have now made up our minds that we shall not. Although we could easily give fifty more, it is unnecessary.

We confess, however, to be under strong temptations to give “the candidate's humbug”—to exhibit that gentleman doing over the constituency, making them, whether he be whig or tory, swallow the grossest fudge that ever was thrust down an unsuspecting gullet; but we refrain. We refrain also, in the meantime, from giving what we would call “the liberty and equality humbug;” together with several other humbugs equally instructive and edifying.

And now we think we hear our readers exclaim of ourselves, what a humbug!

By no means, gentle readers; there are exceptions to every general rule. We have sketched the great mass of mankind, but we have no doubt that there are some truly sincere persons—few indeed—in all the classes we have sketched; and we trust that we ourselves shall be reckoned amongst the number.

C.

ANCIENT IRISH LITERATURE,

NUMBER I.

THE ancient literature of Ireland is as yet but little known to the world, or even to ourselves. Existing for the most part only in its original Celtic form, and in manuscripts accessible only to the Irish scholar resident in our metropolis, but few even of those capable of understanding it have the opportunity to become acquainted with it, and from all others it is necessarily hidden. We therefore propose to ourselves, as a pleasing task, to make our literature more familiar, not only to the Irish scholar, but to our readers generally who do not possess this species of knowledge, by presenting them from time to time with such short poems or prose articles, accompanied with translations, as from their brevity, or the nature of their subjects, will render them suitable to our limited and necessarily varied pages—our selections being made without regard to chronological order as to the ages of their composition, but rather with a view to give a general idea of the several kinds of literature in which our ancestors of various classes found entertainment.

The specimen which we have chosen to commence with is of a homely cast, and was intended as a rebuke to the saucy pride of a woman in humble life, who assumed airs of consequence from being the possessor of three cows. Its author's name is unknown, but its age may be determined, from its language, as belonging to the early part of the seventeenth century; and that it was formerly very popular in Munster, may be concluded from the fact, that the phrase, Easy, oh, woman of the three cows! [ḡo neir̃ 4 bhean na ttrĩ m̃bó] has become a saying in that province, on any occasion upon which it is desirable to lower the pretensions of proud or boastful persons.

P.

BEAN NA TTRĨ M̃BÓ.

ḡo neir̃ 4 bean na ttrĩ m̃bó  
Ar to bólacht ná bí ceann  
Do conairc meir̃, gan ḡó,  
Bean ir̃ ba óa mó 4 beann.

Ní maireann raib̃rior̃ do ḡñaite  
Do neac ná tabair̃ tair̃ ḡo m̃ór  
Chúḡat an t̃eag ar gac̃ taob̃  
ḡo neir̃ 4 bean na ttrĩ m̃bó.

Sluocht̃ Eḡam m̃oir̃ ra W̃m̃am̃  
A nim̃teac̃t̃ do ní clú soib̃  
A reolta gur̃ léig̃eas̃ar̃ r̃ior̃  
ḡo neir̃ 4 bean na ttrĩ m̃bó.

Clann gur̃cẽ t̃eig̃ear̃na an Chl̃ap̃  
A nim̃teac̃t̃ riñ ba lá leóñ  
Sgañ p̃ul̃ pe na t̃eac̃t̃ ḡo b̃rac̃,  
ḡo neir̃ 4 bean na ttrĩ m̃bó.

Dóinnall ó Dún-buioe na long  
O'Suilleabáin nár̃ t̃im̃ gl̃ór̃  
F̃eac̃ gur̃ t̃uit̃ ran Spáiñ pe cl̃oĩdeam̃  
ḡo neir̃ 4 bean na ttrĩ m̃bó.

O'Ruarc ip Maguire do bi  
 Lá i n-Eirinn na lán beóil  
 Féac féin gur iméig an oír,  
 Do péid a bean na ttrí mbó.  
 Siol gCeapbuill do bi ceann  
 Ze mbeirpéi gac geall ingléo  
 Ní maireann aon oib mo oíe  
 Do péid a bean na ttrí mbó.  
 O aon boim amáin do bheir  
 Ar mnaoi eile ip í a bó  
 Do rinneir iomorca aréir  
 Do péid a bean na ttrí mbó.

An ceangal.

Díod ar mfallaig a annip ar uaidreac gnúir  
 Do bhor gan dearmas fearmáe buan ra tnuíe  
 Tríó an raémur do glacair neo buaib ar túir  
 Da bfaiginnri neilb a ceatair do buailfinn tú.

C.

### THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

O, Woman of Three Cows, agra! don't let your tongue thus rattle!  
 O, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.  
 I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—  
 A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.  
 Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,  
 For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser,  
 And Death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows;  
 Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!  
 See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen More's descendants,  
 'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants!  
 If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,  
 Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows!  
 The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;  
 Movrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning—  
 Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?  
 Yet you can give yourself these airs, O, Woman of Three Cows!  
 O, think of Donnell of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted—  
 See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted!  
 He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—  
 Then, ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!  
 O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story—  
 Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory—  
 Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs,  
 And so, for all your pride, will yours, O, Woman of Three Cows!  
 The O'Carrolls also, famed when Fame was only for the boldest,  
 Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;  
 Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?  
 Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows!  
 Your neighbour's poor, and you it seems are big with vain ideas,  
 Because, *inagh!*\* you've got three cows, one more, I see, than *she* has,  
 That tongue of yours wags more at times than Charity allows,  
 But, if you are strong, be merciful, great Woman of Three Cows!

\* Forsooth

### THE SUMMING UP.

Now, there you go! You still, of course, keep up your  
 ful bearing,  
 And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the c  
 wearing,  
 If I had but *four* cows myself, even though you w  
 spouse,  
 I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of  
 Cows!

### THE COUNTRY DANCING-MASTER

AN IRISH SKETCH,

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

IN those racy old times, when the manners and usages of Iris men were more simple and pastoral than they are at present, dancing was cultivated as one of the chief amusements of life, and the dancing-master looked upon as a person essentially necessary to the proper enjoyment of our national recreation. Of all the amusements peculiar to our population, dancing is by far the most important, although certainly much less so now than it has been, even within our own memory. In Ireland it may be considered as a very just indication of the spirit and character of the people; so much so, that it would be extremely difficult to find any test so significant of the Irish heart, and its varied impulses, as the dance, when contemplated in its most comprehensive spirit. In the first place, no people dance so well as the Irish, and for the best reason in the world, as we shall show. Dancing, every one must admit, although a most delightful amusement, is not a simple, nor distinct, nor primary one. On the contrary, it is merely little else than a happy and agreeable method of enjoying music; and its whole spirit and character must necessarily depend upon the power of the heart to *feel* the melody to which the limbs and body move. Every nation, therefore, remarkable for a susceptibility of music, is also remarkable for a love of dancing, unless religion or some other adequate obstacle, arising from an anomalous condition of society, interposes to prevent it. Music and dancing being in fact as dependent the one on the other as cause and effect, it requires little argument to prove that the Irish, who are so sensitively alive to the one, should in a very high degree excel at the other; and accordingly it is so.

Nobody, unless one who has seen and *also felt* it, can conceive the incredible, nay, the inexplicable exhilaration of the heart, which a dance communicates to the peasantry of Ireland. Indeed, it resembles not so much enthusiasm as inspiration. Let a stranger take his place among those who are assembled at a dance in the country, and mark the change which takes place in Paddy's whole temperament, physical and moral. He first rises up rather indolently, selects his own sweetheart, and assuming such a station on the floor as renders it necessary that both should "face the fiddler," he commences. On the dance then goes, quietly at the outset; gradually he begins to move more sprightly; by and bye the right hand is up, and a crack of the fingers is heard; in a minute afterwards both hands are up and two cracks are heard, the hilarity and brightness of his eye all the time keeping pace with the growing enthusiasm that is coming over him, and which eye, by the way, is most lovingly fixed upon, or, we should rather say, *into*, that of his modest partner. From that partner he never receives an *open* gaze in return, but in lieu of this an occasional glance, quick as thought and brilliant as a meteor, seems to pour into him a delicious fury that is made up of love—sometimes a little of whisky, kindness, pride of his activity, and a reckless force of momentary happiness that defies description. Now commences the dance in earnest. Up he bounds in a fling or a caper—crack go the fingers—cut and treble go the feet, heel and toe, right and left. Then he flings the right heel up to the ham, up again the left, the whole face in a furnace-heat of ecstatic delight. "Who! who! your sow! Move your elbow, Mickey (this to the fiddler). Quicker, quicker, man alive, or you'll lose sight of me. Who! Judy, that's the girl; handle your feet, avourneen; that's it, acushla! stand to me! Hurroo for our side of the house!" And thus does he proceed with a vigour, and an agility, and a truth of time, that are incredible, especially when we consider the whirlwind of enjoyment which he has to direct. The conduct of his partner, whose face is lit up